poem on the day of her funeral. A thoughtful poem, curious in the simplicity of its telling, sad, to be sure, and yet, it may be, consoling.

Of the several pictures illustrating the little book it is our opinion that the last one should have been omitted. This for the sake of the father particularly.

He Kissed Olive Too Soon.

Mr. Percy James Brebner's story of "The Testing of Olive Vaughan" (C. H. Droscher & Co.) tells particularly about Victor Densham and Olive. It was not proper for Victor to tell Olive that he loved her, for he was a married man. In the moonlight and under the spell of Olive's beauty he forgot for a moment, but he remembered and was sorry very soon after "their lips met in one long kiss, the first Olive had ever known."

The very next day Mrs. Densham, who was a drunkard, fell down stairs. The resulting injury was fatal, but Olive refused to take advantage of it. She could not forget that Mrs. Densham was still alive when Victor kissed her. "Oh, why—why did you deceive me?" she cried. "I looked up to you as a man so far above all other men!" Victor felt like a serpent, but he urged his love for her and implored her to marry him. "It is too late," she said. "He passed his hand wearily across his eyes and sighed. Then he took his hat."

The dignified tenderness of his parting observation will be remarked. He said: "Although I pass out of your life, Miss Vaughan, there is one thing you cannot take from me—the memory of you. I shall always love you; you cannot prevent my doing that. I shall carry that love with me to the end, and in the light of it I will endeavor to be a better man. Good-by, and God keep you." She heard the door close behind him. Then: "She sank into a chair and sobbed as if her heart would break. She had sent him away, never to see him again. It was her duty, her duty to herself; but how terribly hard it was." It had only been a kiss by the farm house gate, but both of them were very scrupulous and sensitive. She was a music hall singer and he was a gentleman whose wickedest relaxation ordinarily was to be served by his butler with "a spirit tantalus and a soda siphon" along toward bedtime.

That finely swelling and reverberant phrase, "Although I pass out of your life, Miss Vaughan," was recalled to us many pages further along, when the scene had changed to a French resort by the sea and when we read, the faithful Victor again being the speaker: "You are thinly clad, Miss Vaughan, and the air has a touch of cold in it." She replied to the effect that the temperature of the air was well enough, and over the page we find him kissing her again. "I am a weak fool to cry, Victor," she said, "but I am so happy." Over still another page we read: "Olive Vaughan, the actress, is no more; but Olive Densham, wife and mother, lives and fills a large space in the lives of many." This was as it should be. We believe a melodrama could be made from the story.

Where Rolls the One Time Oregon.

Harold Morton Kramer's story of "The Chrysalis" (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company, Boston) tells us of Seb Layton's change of heart. We see Seb first as a player for Yale in the great football game with Harvard. It is hardly to be believed, but he "threw" the game. He did it for revenge and it had a direct bearing upon high politics in the remote State of Washington. From the New England football field the scene changes to Spokane. We find there the same high politics strenuously at work and Seb still engaged in his scheme of revenge. He was a strong man, and we follow him through some vigorous and thrilling experiences. His change of heart finally was due to the lovely girl supposed to be Coyote Barr's daughter, but really the daughter of a much greater though equally devious man. The lady who lost her slipper at a champagne party was not exactly necessary to the plot of the story, but doubtless she helped to make Spokane picturesque. In great part the tale is eventful and thrilling enough. It gets to be a little wishwashy at the last. We wish that the grateful Merican boy had not been so foolish and that there had been no question of anybody having "suicided." But we will say nothing more of this sort for fear that we should be thought to be finding fault.

Some New Text Books.

An interesting selection of Spanish extracts for classroom use has been made by Prof. Elijah Clarence Hills of Colorado College in "Spanish Tales" (Henry Holt and Company). Possibly it may be held that literary quality is not essential in the pieces that beginners have to struggle with, still there is encouragement in finding that the Spanish that must be translated has been written by Echegaray, Trueba, Palacio Valdés, Emilia Pardo Bazan or Fernan Caballero. The texts have been modified and simplified a little. The introduction of a little poetry is by no means a bad idea; it is just as well to turn the student's mind away from thoughts of grammar and dictionary. The material at hand for the teacher of Spanish is none too rich, and this little book adds novelty to it. The extracts, it should be noted, are taken exclusively from modern authors.

To the meagre stock of German tales available for college classes the stories written by Rudolf Baumbach were a welcome edition. His "Das Habichtsfräulein" has been edited with excisions by Dr. Morton C. Stewart of Harvard University (Henry Holt and Company) and supplied with notes, composition exercises and a vocabulary.

One of the difficult and useful tasks that somehow escape attention is the teaching of English to foreigners, usually adults in the evening schools. It demands methods wholly different from those of the established schemes of school instruction, and requires from the teachers patience and intelligence beyond that called for from the instructors of children in the common schools. For the peculiar needs of these students Mr. John S. Hülshof has prepared three graded books of "Reading Made Easy for Foreigners" (Hinds, Noble and Eldridge, New York), which present the English language in the form most easily grasped by the heterogeneous pupils, and at the same time contrive to inform them with essential facts regarding American conditions and institutions. The highest reader contains the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.

There is much valuable information put clearly as regards individual cases in Mr. Edward C. Armstrong's "Syntax of the French Verb" (Henry Holt and Company). The French grammars have been studied, though perhaps not too well digested, for there is much in the treatise that has little to do with the verb, more that may be useful as a matter of record, but is not of sufficient importance to justify its inclusion where it confuses the understanding. The use of equivalent phrases is original and often helpful; not infrequently, however, the proposed equivalent fails to express the exact and full meaning of the phrase for which it is substituted. The author can plead the excuse that the French make a lot of needless fuss over their syntax and especially their subjectives, and that he has followed them. Mr. De La Warr B. Easter has provided exercises to enable the rules laid down to be practised.

It may seem strange to old fashioned people that the reading of the Bible has fallen into such desuetude that college professors find it necessary to turn Bible stories into text books. Of the "Old Testament Narratives" prepared by Prof. George Henry Nettleton (Henry Holt and Company) for the purpose of study of the English language, it may be said that they are very well chosen, that they are interesting in themselves, provided the pupil has had no religious training, and that they contain as fine English as has ever been written. The introduction, explaining the various forms in which the Bible was translated into English, with the accounts of the King James and the revised versions, is very good.

Colonial American Literature.

To the lover of literature the endeavor to find a place for the early American writers in the college curriculum must appear rather pathetic. Interesting as their efforts are to the historian, the comparison with the English authors of their time is pitiable; Michael Wigglesworth's "The Day of Doom" must counterbalance Milton. It is proper enough, however, that American boys should get a taste of the writers whose names are familiar, though few men have dared to tackle their works. The "Selections from Early American Writers, 1607-1800," by Prof. William B. Cairns (Macmillans), is very well made. There is a big jump, to be sure, from the Colonial writers to those of the Revolution and the beginnings of the last century, but good specimens are supplied of worthies that most men would otherwise have to take wholly on faith.

The best part of the volume is that which deals with the early authors. The fragments from Jefferson and Patriok Henry and Freneau and Charles Brockden Brown and even those from Franklin seem a little out of place. The editor has shown his best work with the earliest writers. His readers get a smattering not only of the sacrosanct New Englanders, Gov. Bradford, John Winthrop, John Cotton, the Mathers, Judge Sewall and the rest, but of the Virginians too, Capt. John Smith and William Byrd of Westover, who write as good English as the others. The poets, too, show why their verses should not be forgotten, Joel Barlow, Jonathan Trumbull, Timothy Dwight and Mercy Otis Warren. It is a pious and extremely interesting selection; it gives samples of books known chiefly by names, and is therefore valuable, but its educational importance depends largely on patriotism.

A German View of President Eliot.

So far as the views of a foreigner may hint at the judgment of posterity Prof. Eugen Kühnemann's sketch of "Charles W. Eliot" (Houghton Mifflin Company) serves to mark the place that President Eliot's forty years of service at Harvard University deserve in the history of American education. The author has served twice as a German "exchange" professor and writes for the information of German readers. Whatever bias he may have for the university which has entertained him does not lead him into encomiums that are undeserved.

His generalizations may seem too favorable at times and he may occasionally ascribe to President Eliot more than that gentleman would accept as his due, but in the main it is a clear and intelligent description of the progress in education of America during the last forty years, and the share President Eliot has had in that is admitted on all sides. There is a remarkable amount of information to be derived from the forty annual reports of President Eliot, material which Prof. Kühnemann is hardly competent wholly to understand for only a Harvard man can do that; records of failures almost as interesting as the far more numerous triumphs.

There is little need of making allowance for the general tone of eulogy that President Eliot's withdrawal from office has called forth in Prof. Kühnemann's sketch. Friendly as it is it presents fairly, broadly and intelligently the estimate in which is held the most active factor in American education of the last half century.

The East Side of New York.

A remarkable study of life along the Bowery has been made by I. L. Nascher, M. D. in "The Wretches of Povertyville" (Joseph J. Lanzit, Chicago). The only bit of claptrap about the book is the unfortunate title, which conceals its importance, and the use of the term "wretches" to denote the unfortunates who are typical of the district. It is probably a translation from some foreign language, perhaps a reminiscence of "les gueux." The book itself describes with admirable concision and freedom from bias every form of life on the Bowery, past and present: the Bowery of legend with its vulgar pleasures and the Bowery of to-day, overrun by Jews and other foreigners. It describes the people who are peculiar to it, or rather whose faults and vices take their particular forms from Bowery surroundings and the saloons, the houses of entertainment, the dives, the varieties of crime. All is told without condemnation, simply as a record of things seen, and a valuable record it is. The author may have sociological theories of his own, but he keeps them in check. He tells chiefly what he has observed, and he has been a careful and clear eyed observer. It is a good book.

Part of the same ground has been covered by Mr. Rollin Lynde Hartt in "The People at Play" (Houghton Mifflin Company), but from a wholly different point of view. Mr. Hartt describes various forms of amusement that attract the vulger—variety shows, dime museums, melodrama, dance halls, the pleasures of the beaches, and so forth—from a very superior point of view and with esthetic and moral comments suited to the class of readers which enjoys the same things in more expensive places and can scoff at the pleasures of the poor. The pictures lose in distinctness from the author's comments and concessions to his readers' tastes. The difference between the knowledge of the "slummer" and that of the man who lives among the poor may be learned by reading Mr. Hartt's book in conjunction with Dr. Nascher's.

Summer Fiction.

It is a very readable summer story that Mr. Arthur Goodrich has written in "The Lady Without Jewels" (Appletons), a story of adventure which is delightfully free from fictitious politics and make believe royalties and deals only with incidents that might possibly be true. The hero is the stock Gibson young man, without whom no modern American tale is really complete. The characters invented by the author, male and female, have enough individuality, however, and are natural enough to make the reader provoked that the author does not make more out of them; and there are bits of conversation and of description so good as to cause regret that art should be sacrificed to popularity. The plot is not strong enough for a really good story, but the author shows that he is capable of writing one if he will take the trouble.

Of several slipshod tales by Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim which it has been our duty to read "The Governors" (Little, Brown and Company) is by far the worst. The author seems to have reached that point of popularity where he thinks he may jeer at his readers' lack of intelligence. The glibness of his style carries his story along as usual. It displays the phenomenal asininity of leaders in finance and the extraordinary ubiquitousness of a mawkish heroine. Not a person or a situation in the whole book has the slightest semblance to truth, not an idea that does not suggest ignoble things, yet the story will sell and be read all the same.

In the first part of the three tales included in "Mike Flannery on Duty and Off" (Doubleday, Page and Company) Mr. Ellis Parker Butler follows his own vein of humor and is really funny. He creates an original character and takes pains with it. In the second signs appear of the weakening consequent on the demands of periodical literature. The simplified spelling theme is rather cheap, but Flannery is still himself. Of the last sketch "the least said the better. Mr. Butler at any rate is funnier than most of his comic rivals.

That the author of "The Diary of a District Messenger" (Life Publishing Company, New York) should be irritated at the whole class that he attacks may not be unnatural. He seems to mistake abuse for humor, however. He gives little attention to the usual faults of messenger boys and represents his typical hero as a blackmailer, a grafter and a thief. That, we fancy, is a little too much even for those who have legitimate grievances against a much berated set of youngsters.

Other Books.

A selection of letters concerning various literary persons of different nationalities, some by them and others to them, will be found in "Love Letters of Famous Poets and Novelists," put together by Mr. Lionel Strachey, with prefatory notes by Mr. Walter Littlefield (the John McBride Company, New York). There is always a feeling of intrusion in reading love letters of any kind, but possibly the psychological information may excuse this when a complete love episode is described in them. What the interest may be, however, in reading a few haphazard letters about a number of celebrated people, in many of which very little is said about love, we are unable to see. The introductions are not very instructive; their author inclines to dwelling on the lower side of the people he writes about. It is not exactly unfair, for all illicit relations may be looked upon from their more vulgar side.

The second volume of Mr. G. A. R. Callender's "Sea Kings of Britain" (Longmans, Green and Company) ranges from "Monk, Duke of Albemarle, to Hawke and the taking of Quebec. It has the merit of bringing together the brilliant feats of the British navy from the fights with the Dutch to the beginning of the French Revolution. It is to be regretted that the author has dealt with these in an impressionistic manner, which makes it difficult to make out what did happen on each occasion, patriotic exuberance

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